

ESCAPED FOREVER.

William Marcy Tweed Released by Death.

LAST HOURS IN PRISON.

A Single Attendant During a Night of Agony.

"I HAVE TRIED TO DO SOME GOOD."

The News of His Death Creates Surprise and Pity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS FORMER WAY.

What Is Said of His Treatment by the Authorities.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

Chairmaker, Fire Laddie and Politician.

THE STORM THAT BROUGHT RUIN

Abandoned by Friends in the Time of Need.

As the great bell in the Essex Market round rang out the hour of noon yesterday the sound echoed through the corridors of Ludlow Street jail and fell like a knell upon the dying ears of William Marcy Tweed. Ere the last stroke had died away the soul of the former "Boss" of New York had winged its flight into eternity. In a low and darkened room, looking out upon a dingy street, whence the rattle of wheels and the discordant noises of a teeming quarter made their way through the barred windows, without wife or child to cling to his hand in the last dread moment, and with but two or three friends standing by to close his eyes, died the man who but a few short years ago ruled the destinies of the Empire City, aspired to rule the nation, and had wealth and friends without number.

For a long time Mr. Tweed had suffered from an affection of the heart, but obtained a respite until within the past week. On Thursday last week he found himself suffering severely from dysentery. An attack of bronchitis seized him at the same time, and this was followed by pneumonia. The effect of these attacks upon his system was to bring on his old trouble of the heart. On Saturday he sent for Dr. Carmichael, but the gentleman was not at home, and was not able to attend until Monday. Meanwhile Mr. Tweed was attended by Dr. Schirmer, his family physician. On Sunday last his pulse had become very irregular and feeble and he was somewhat dependent, as his father died from heart disease and his mother is a martyr to it. He became easier on Monday and the following day, but suffered much on Thursday. Dr. Carmichael called twice during that day, and toward evening the patient found some relief from the bronchitis and the pneumonia, but the condition of the kidneys was not improved. His heart at this time gave symptoms of effusion of the pericardium.

THE LAST HOUR.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday night Dr. Carmichael, who had been with the patient for more than an hour superintending the application of fuxated postures over almost the whole of his body, retired, leaving Mr. Tweed much more comfortable and disposed to sleep. When the doctor had gone, Mr. Tweed addressed Lewis Grant, the young colored man who has been his attendant and nurse ever since his first imprisonment, remarking, "Now, Luke, you and I can have a good sleep to-night. We need it much."

After the custom which he had followed since he became seriously ill, he attached himself to the wrist of his attendant, that he might wake him by jerking it at any moment, and then made him lie down in the room. "I think I will sit up to-morrow, Luke," he added; "I feel so well." The attendant waited until Mr. Tweed seemed to be asleep, and quietly left the room, taking up his station in the office of the jail, that he might remain awake to administer a draught to the patient at three o'clock, as the doctor had ordered, in case Mr. Tweed should not then be asleep. After an hour the attendant entered the sick room softly, and whispered, "Boss, are you asleep?" The patient was lying on his left side, a position in which he felt less pain than in any other and his eyes were closed, but on hearing Lewis he started up and said, "No, I am not asleep. He gave me your hand. My heart pains me." As he spoke Mr. Tweed placed the hand of his faithful nurse over his heart. Lewis lifted the old man up so that the aching head rested upon his own breast and with his right hand caressed the region of the sufferer's heart. Mr. Tweed breathed more easily.

HOURS OF AGONY.

The light burned low; the silence of the tomb reigned throughout the jail, save for the constant groans that proclaimed the agony of the aged sufferer and the ticking of the big clock in the hall. Minute after minute passed until more than an hour had gone, and still the patient lay in the arms of his attendant. After two o'clock Mr. Tweed felt a trifle better and was induced to lie down. He was suffering much from fever accompanying the pneumonia, and the attendant bathed his forehead with diluted vinegar, which gave him a little ease. Then he cried feebly for a drink and was proffered some sherry, which he refused to take, saying, "That is too strong; give me some beer tea." When that was supplied he could not drink it and asked for water.

"No, Boss," said the black nurse, "I can't give you any water. It's against the doctor's orders."

"Oh," moaned the sick man, "can't I not have anything? Do you mean to keep me here to perish all alone with you?"

"No, Boss," you can have anything you want except water, and if you insist upon it you can have that, too."

As his habits when yielded to, the patient immediately softened and said, "No, I won't ask for any water. Give me some tea."

At half-past two o'clock Mr. Tweed drank some tea, and looking kindly at his attendant, who had been by his side night and day without intermission or sleep since Saturday evening last, he said, "Lie down, Lewis, and let us see if we can go to sleep." The string was fastened to the wrist of his faithful nurse and he turned over and closed his eyes. It was but a few moments, however, ere he cried out in great pain, "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? Give me something; give me anything, so that I can get some sleep or I shall die. I can't stand this pain."

Dr. Carmichael had left directions that if the patient did not fall asleep before three o'clock he was to be given a certain draught, and Lewis informed the sufferer that he would give him this at the hour fixed.

"Give me some barley water—anything," moaned Mr. Tweed. The attendant heated some coffee and Mr. Tweed drank some of it. It was then nearly three o'clock and the sleeping draught was administered. Mr. Tweed still remained awake and cried out incessantly for ten minutes, "Oh, my heart! my heart!" The faithful Lewis said, "I will send for the doctor, Boss." "No," said the patient, "don't send for the doctor. Give me something to ease my pain; I am going to die, anyway."

DAUGHTER KINGS NO MOTHER.

Early in the morning Mr. Charles Devlin, Mr.

Tweed's bondsman and friend, who has been a daily visitor at the jail, called and was much shocked at the change in Mr. Tweed's appearance. Just before his arrival, about half-past eight o'clock, Dr. Carmichael reached the jail. The sufferer was still in great pain, as he moaned, "O, Doctor, I am dying! O, Doctor, do something for me!" His bondsman burst into tears at this piteous appeal. Mr. Tweed looked at him kindly, and patting one of the black hands resting upon his bed said, "Luke, don't do that; don't do that; you will make me feel bad." Dr. Carmichael despatched the faithful fellow for a fly bottle. Mr. Tweed's tongue was already beginning to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and he sank gradually into a sort of stupor. His daughter, Mrs. Douglas, arrived with her husband. The latter remained in the sick room while his wife went out to purchase some ice cream, for which the sick man had been craving.

At one time when Mr. Douglas had left the room for a few moments and Dr. Carmichael being a little distance away, Mr. Devlin was left alone with his dying friend. He asked him if he did not desire to have a lawyer summoned to make any last testamentary disposal of his affairs, saying that he (Mr. Devlin) would act as a witness to any paper that he might wish to have drawn up. He further asked him, when Tweed signified by a shake of the head that he did not desire anything of the kind, whether he had any further business matters to settle and whether he had any property of any kind left to dispose of.

"No," said the dying man, "I have nothing left to settle excepting to settle with my God." And after this there was no reference made to business affairs or to money matters in any way by any of the company. Meanwhile word had been sent to several friends of Mr. Tweed, and in a short time his counsel, Mr. Ed. Edelshtein, and his former secretary, S. Foster Dewey, entered the room. Mr. Tweed breathed with considerable difficulty, but contrived to speak a few words to his friends. Half an hour before he died, and just as the stunner came upon him, he turned to Dr. Carmichael, Mr. Edelshtein, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Dewey, and said, "I have tried to do some good."

"I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angel will protect me."

A few minutes later he roused and said, "I hope they will be satisfied, now they have got me."

DEATH AT LAST.

After that he became partially unconscious and seemed to suffer no pain until the clock was striking twelve. Then the throb of death came over his face, the ashen skin became black, he gasped feebly, but apparently without pain, and settled back in death. When Mr. Tweed breathed his last he was lying upon his left side, his face turned toward the middle of the room and his head resting upon the palm of his left hand stretched between it and the pillow. When the line of death became visible Mr. Douglas cast himself by the side of the bed and, taking the pale hand in his, said, in a broken voice, "Father, can't you speak to me?" but there was no response.

The solemn stillness that had up to this moment pervaded the apartment was broken by the sob of those present. At the head of the bed were grouped Dr. Carmichael, Mr. Dewey, Mr. Edelshtein. At its foot stood Mr. Bernard Fitzsimmons, the Deputy Warden, with Mrs. and Miss Fitzsimmons, and by the side of the bed crouched the faithful nurse, Luke. Mr. Douglas returned to find that his father was no more. The little delicately built brought fell from her hands, and she burst into a paroxysm of grief that moved the hearts of all present.

Under the doctor's direction the dead man's head was bound with a white handkerchief to close the mouth, the stiffened limbs were decently composed and all was over. Mr. Devlin, who had gone out to inform some friends that the end was near, returned too late to witness the death scene. Mr. George W. Butte, who keeps a livery stable in Bayard street, and who has been a close friend of Mr. Tweed, and who was a lifelong friend of his, arrived too late. Previous to Mr. Tweed's last sickness he used to call at the jail and play a game of cards with the prisoner every night, and Mr. Tweed said frequently during the past week, "If anything happens to me send for Mr. Butte."

It was more than an hour after the eyes of the "Boss" had closed in death that his brother, Richard M. Tweed, reached the jail. He was much affected by the terrible change in the appearance of the deceased. The face and body had contracted very much after death, and the eyes were sunken.

Richard M. Tweed had not seen the prisoner for about eight months. At one of the little court parties that used to gather in Mr. Tweed's room, after his return from Europe, a misunderstanding occurred between the brothers, not in any way connected with the game, and Richard (after a display of temper on both sides), left the room, never to see his brother again in life.

A CORONER'S REQUEST.

Deputy Warden Fitzsimmons, shortly after the demise of his charge, proceeded to the Sheriff's office and announced the absolute release of his prisoner. The Sheriff's counsel, Mr. Tweed, and the books, that everything might be done in legal form, and that was unwilling to allow the body to be removed until all the requirements of the law had been complied with.

The Revised Statutes provide that a Coroner's inquest must be held on the body of any one dying in prison, and accordingly Coroner Woltman was notified, and he, together with his deputy, Cushman, and Coroner Croker, proceeded to the prison, enquired a jury and viewed the body, which still lay upon the bed. Of course the inquest was merely a formal one. Dr. Carmichael's deposition was taken, and a verdict was rendered in accordance with his opinion, which was that death was caused by pneumonia, and that the deceased was complicated with bronchitis, pneumonia and chronic congestion of the kidneys. Deputy Warden Fitzsimmons testified that Mr. Tweed was admitted to the jail on June 22, 1875, escaped and was readmitted November 23, 1876. For the past six months the deceased had been sitting and was under the care of a physician. Dr. Schirmer and other physicians attended him. The jurors were Charles G. Cornell, W. W. Cook, Solomon John, A. M. Esquin, Francis J. Hawks and George W. Butte.

REMOVING THE REMAINS.

About twenty minutes before three o'clock an undertaker's wagon, with a large common box, drove up to the door of the jail, and was immediately surrounded by an immense crowd of men, women and children; for the news of the "Boss" death had spread rapidly, and all were anxious to catch a glimpse of the remains. A request for a squad of police to clear the sidewalk was sent to the Tenth precinct station house, but before they arrived the inquest had been concluded, and the body was placed in a box and carried out through the crowd. It was taken to the residence of Mr. Douglas, at No. 63 East Seventy-seventh street, where it now lies. As the body was borne through the crowd there was a general murmur of grief and several persons who probably had known the dead shed tears. There was one striking circumstance in the aged crowd of men and women and white as snow, leading to the jail, and the weeping like a child. His name is William Dove, and he was in the service of Mr. Tweed's father, Richard M., and, indeed, had been in the employment of every member of the family. When he became too old to work he was furnished the means of livelihood, and has long been a pensioner of the family. The old man's grief was eloquent, and with the respect of the somewhat rough crowd by which he was surrounded.

WHAT HIS SECRETARY SAID.

Mr. Foster Dewey has been well known for years as the secretary and confidential business agent of Tweed, and he was quite worn out yesterday with watching at the bedside of his dying friend. He said that on Wednesday evening Mr. Tweed's relatives had but little hope of his recovery and Dr. Carmichael confirmed the gloomy forebodings. Mr. Tweed seemed to know that his hours were numbered. He was calm and talked with his attendants in a sensible manner. His business affairs had already been arranged, and his mind was as clear as on all other matters as possible. He had left some papers, documents and memoranda; but these, said Mr. Dewey, are of no immediate public importance and will not be given to the press at present. Mr. Tweed conversed freely during the hours of his last illness in regard to the matters in which he had been involved. He expressed repeatedly his sorrow that he had done many things which were criminal, but added that he had done many good things, and that he had not been led away by false ambition, and he alone had been left to suffer. It was just, but still very hard, he forgave everybody as he hoped he would be for-

given. Mr. Tweed's mind seemed to be dwelling a great deal in his last hours on the charities he had done, and he was very anxious to express his regret that he had been so much in the way of the good works of others. He said, "I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angel will protect me."

Mr. Dewey said that he had been in the room since his return from Spain. He would have committed suicide long ago if he thought that he would be overruled and would be a terror to his family. He said that he had been in the room since his return from Spain. He would have committed suicide long ago if he thought that he would be overruled and would be a terror to his family. He said that he had been in the room since his return from Spain. He would have committed suicide long ago if he thought that he would be overruled and would be a terror to his family.

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you could buy them now. A politician coming forward with things as they are. This population is not so easily duped as it was in the days of the first "Boss" of New York. It is a man of great energy and his disfigure and his destruction. He was one of those men, however, who believed in giving himself every opportunity to succeed.

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